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The Commonweal

December 15, 1950

THE "NEW WAR"

REVOLUTION IN ASIA

HAROLD C. HINTON

EUROPE AND THE U. S.

Open Letter to M. Gilson

WALDEMAR GURIAN

Blood, Sweat and Tears

AN EDITORIAL

Volume LIII 15c *Number 10*

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Blood, Sweat and Tears

WITHOUT laying claim to prophetic powers or to omniscience, we believe that it is possible at this time to foresee the outlines of a national defense policy that would enable us to meet and master the hard course of events that has so recently broken upon the free world. It would consist of a series of drastic moves, some of which would be most difficult to bring to a successful fulfillment. Such a shift in policy will necessarily mean that we do certain things that will be highly unpalatable to all those who sincerely cherish peace, justice and human liberties. But in view of the forces that threaten us, what the United States attempts to do now should be confined to that which is possible. If we do not concentrate our forces where they will do the most good, we shall not succeed in defending anybody.

On the present scale of our armed commitment in Korea, we are clearly unable to turn back the Chinese Communists. We are therefore confronted with a terrible choice. If we so decide, our troops can fight for every inch of Korean soil against overwhelming numbers of Chinese Communists, while the limited reinforcements we have are rushed to stem the tide, if possible. Presumably such a course would include bombing parts of Manchuria.

The other course open to us is to recognize that for the time being, although there is a possibility of some delaying action still, the continent of Asia is lost: therefore the thing to do is to withdraw our troops from Korea on the best terms we can make and concentrate on the defense of Western Europe.

For it is the heavy industry of the Ruhr, and that of Great Britain and other sectors of Western Europe that is Soviet Russia's current prime objective. Without this heavy industry the Russians cannot subjugate the world. Moreover it is the people of Western Europe who best understand the menace of Communism to the human person, who have treasures and values to fight for similar to our own, who are our natural allies. It is, however, only honest to recognize that many Europeans today hold life under the Russian's knout to be preferable to another war and liberation.

But in Asia, the odds against us are insuperable. The whole continent is in revolt against centuries of colonial exploitation by the West. And the Communists in many lands have succeeded in capturing the leadership in this great native uprising. The United States, on the other hand, despite a comparatively good colonial record and a leading part in the freeing of the Philippines and Indonesia, is too often cast in the imperialist role. The Point IV program, as far as Asia is concerned, has been too little and too late.

Communist China has almost unlimited manpower to throw into the battle. China's armies and industry are so dispersed that they offer little opportunity for us to use our air superiority effectively—even the atom bomb, were we to resort to it in desperation.

THE conquest of Asia will bring within Russia's grasp nothing comparable to the productive facilities of Western Europe; the loot would primarily be an unlimited manpower reserve and certain new sources of strategic raw materials. In short, for America to be bogged down in the attempted defense of this Asiatic continent, or any part of it, is to fall into a Russian trap. Such involvement in Asia would leave Europe completely at the mercy of the Kremlin. It is because the defense of the United States—and of freedom in the world—depends on preserving Western Europe that we must, for the time being, leave the continent of Asia to its fate.

The first thing to be done in our new course

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• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 243

Blood, Sweat and Tears 243

Revolution in Asia
by Harold C. Hinton 247

Europe and the United States:
An Open Letter to Etienne Gilson
by Waldemar Gurian 250

Communications 251

The Stage
by Walter Kerr 252

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 253

An Eloquent Man
by Francis Downing 255

Of Note 258

Books 259

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• NEXT WEEK •

CAROL H. WEISS presents her findings on the 1,500 murders which take place each week on American radio programs. She draws up a list of nine rules from which these whodunits seldom deviate.

"This mass blood-letting requires a horde of detectives to bring the criminals to justice and prove that crime does not pay. The size and shape of these fearless champions of the law varies from the petite giddiness of Pamela North to the hulk of the Fat Man. But the pattern of the programs is despairingly monotonous."

of action is to withdraw from Korea in force—making the best terms possible with the Chinese Communists. We could continue a political and military rearguard action in Asia, employing whatever portion of our strength that could prudently be spared from Europe. But we would have to realize that we might well be driven back to our island defense perimeter.

This policy will deal a severe blow to the United Nations. There, resolutions would be introduced protesting various Communist aggressions and stating that UN troops had withdrawn from Korea only because they were confronted with an overwhelmingly superior force. For the time being the free nations of the world would be able to brand aggression wherever it occurred, but they would be able to prevent it only where they had the strength to do so. It is not now possible to build up "situations of strength" both East and West at once.

This new American policy will mean that our overseas forces—foot soldiers, navy, and air groups—will be concentrated in Europe. Naturally our war industries and our armed forces themselves will have to be greatly expanded to meet this new commitment.

The time has come to demand from the Europeans a stiffening of their own resistance. If we allay their fears about the outbreak of a third world war in Asia, we must demand in return spirited cooperation in their own defense. For the one chance that remains of preventing an all-out war between Russia and the United States (in which Europe would inevitably suffer) is to build up adequate European defenses before Russia feels able to make her move.

FINALLY there must be a change of heart within this country. At long last we must realize that we are fighting for our way of life, our very lives. The hour has struck. We can no longer heedlessly go about our daily business, indulging our petty satisfactions. We are at war. And the sacrifices which a fight for life demands devolve upon us all.

Mobilization should be the order of the day. It will probably take a somewhat different form this time. Fewer men may be called to the services; greater numbers may be sent into war plants. But all must be in readiness; we can drift comfortably no longer. The enemy is upon us.

Once we have grasped this fact, we can have little patience with a Senator McCarthy who cries that we should impeach the President or with other irresponsibles who would have us "give

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them everything we've got," including the atom bomb, in Korea and Manchuria. Politics will have to wait.

It is a time for resolution and for prayer. The United States has never before been confrontd with so great a threat to its existence.

The Bomb

WHEN the news about the disaster in Korea first came through, it should have been something like Pearl Harbor. One might have expected that same sudden sense of purpose and decision to sweep across the nation. Pearl Harbor, tragic as it was, meant a moment of clarity. The Korean debacle was no less dramatic, no less decisive, and maybe even more disastrous. But when the headlines told of first 100,000, then 300,000 and finally of a million Chinese troops swarming across the border, there was no comparable feeling.

Everyone knew what *could* be done; everyone knew of the single act that could change the whole picture overnight; everyone must have considered the one move the US could make that would be decisive. Yet few could bring themselves to urge it, and those who did found themselves violently opposed, branded as irresponsible —and not by pacifists and long-range pundits either but by the ordinary man in the street who is usually inclined to a short-view, rather emotional reaction.

The atomic bomb has made all the difference since Pearl Harbor. We have it; it is ours to use; as the President said, the possibility of our using it is implicit in its very possession. With it, we are equal in power to any force or collection of forces on earth. Yet even at a time like this, when thousands of American soldiers are facing annihilation, when the nation has just suffered a disastrous and humiliating defeat, when everything we have worked and fought for since the United Nations, with a noble sense of exaltation, sent its first troops off to Korea last June, has crashed and crumbled—even now the bomb goes unused. And there is no great demand for the President to authorize its use.

It would be hypocritical to say that we are holding back sheerly because using it, even on the Chinese Reds or the Kremlin itself, would do violence to American moral sensibilities. We, after all, are the only nation to have used the bomb so far, and there was no widespread feeling of moral guilt after Hiroshima was announced. No, what restrains us is mainly the horror of reprisal and the reasonable fear that unleashing the bomb may mean the end of everything.

Our allies in Europe have as much cause as we to fear the bomb, and because it is in our possession they sometimes fear us, too. They still live amid the graveyards of the last holocaust. For them the full meaning of what it is for death to fall from the skies is not something grasped from a scientist's lecture, an educational movie or a sightseeing tour after the debris has been cleared away. It is a lesson already learned—something one has gone through, survived and still in a sense lives with. The atomic bomb may make the old-fashioned destruction look timid but in Europe where the ripped and blasted have their own strange symmetry, people have a better idea than we of what it could mean.

One-eighth of the human race signed the Moscow-inspired Stockholm Peace Petition. For many of them, no crime of which the Russians are guilty would measure up to the guilt of the US should we be the first again to employ the bomb. Millions of others, especially in Europe where we must depend on allies—men and women who did not fall for the spurious "peace" trap—agree with them.

Whether the world can achieve peace again without some belligerent's using the dread bomb looks, the way things are going, improbable. But until the bomb is used on us, whenever the question of using it comes up, the tendency will be to hold off, and for good and selfish reasons. The bomb, we have told the world, is a last resort. And while there is life there is hope. Atomic warfare may mean the end of both.

The War at Home

GUERRILLA warfare broke into the open between the Achesons and the MacArthurs when the Korean reverses were first suffered; there were casualties (two nights in a row Fulton Lewis, Jr. became wholly incoherent in his fury at Acheson). Now the fighting has dwindled and there have even been a few tentative remarks about "standing together," "we're all in this thing together," etc. The campaign has slowed mainly because it was the self-appointed allies and not the principals who were doing the fighting. General MacArthur has made brief, respectable statements about the circumstances of the Korean upset. Secretary Acheson and Mr. Truman have said that every major step Mac-

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Arthur took was first submitted to Washington and given approval.

Some Republicans who worship at the shrine of an apotheosized MacArthur and appear to think on the Pavlov's dog principle, even came out with indignant answers to charges never made.

This business of pigeon-holing men and thinking in terms of personalities and not of facts and circumstances and strategies would not be so dangerous if it were confined to those people of the extreme Right who think of Acheson not as a policy-maker and diplomat, but as a clothes-horse with arrogant impatience for those who oppose him; and who have exaggerated the capabilities of a fine general into an absurd figure with omniscient wisdom and infallible foresight. The Right Wing's smothering appropriation of MacArthur unfortunately has been matched by some procrustian liberals and otherwise responsible European officials who accept, and abhor, the Right's impossible caricature of MacArthur.

These two men have been the central personalities in this battle of words. Others have been lesser figures in the same sort of controversies. Others promise to be in coming months. The popularity of this sort of argument is a sign of the intellectual inadequacies of Washington and of the West. The deeds and principles of Acheson and MacArthur were long ago done away with as unnecessary to the argument. All that matters is personality: Acheson is called a snob and then, as the temperature rises, he is called a traitor. MacArthur is called regal, and now a current European remark is that he thinks he is US pro-consul for the Pacific. To fight our way out of the corner we are now in will require tedious planning for all eventualities and great personal sacrifices. It is easier for the lazy and the incompetent to scream for Acheson's head or for the impeachment of Truman or for the removal of MacArthur. Get rid of a man, and mistakes will be wiped away. Appoint a new man and our future is redeemed. These are the rationalizations of those who even in this crisis prefer a politics of personalities to thought, charity and courage.

Stampede

WHEN, in the cold moonlight of a November night, tens of thousands of the Chinese Communists swarmed down on the UN armies in Korea, it was as if the whole free world were being stampeded, as if man the individual, the person, man by himself, could feel that he was being crushed and ground under the foot of man-in-the-mass. In a sense, this assault came as a supreme and ironic stroke of logic: for so it was that the individual man of the twentieth century, who had already been so victimized by a machine civilization and by a totalitarian monster-state, who had already begun to cower under the cloud of scientific mass destruction—so it was that he should be at this hour hunted down, cornered and defaced by rampaging legions of his fellow men loosed by the modern mass society personified.

It has come as no surprise that in responding to this challenge, there are those among us who would resort now to our weapons of mass destruction as the only way out. But actually we can never afford to put our final trust in these weapons or in any mass action alone, because just as a free society is only as healthy, only as steady as the mind and the heart of its average citizen, so at a time like this it is up to the individual, it is up to each one of us to say, in the end, whether or not we are to stand as a society of free men. And surely there is no one among us now who can contemplate this moment of decision without looking to his own resources of personal courage and faith.

It is, after all, perfectly consistent with our tradition as Christians that at this time we should be brought to remember that the regenerative process in history works in us—and must work in each of us—as individuals. "The triumph of such [a personal, spiritual] ideal," wrote Christopher Dawson more than a decade ago, "in a world that seems governed only by material forces and distracted by hatred and greed may seem a fantastic dream, but is it any more hopeless than the enterprise of that handful of unknown and uneducated men from a remote Oriental province who set out to conquer the imperial power of Rome and the intellectual culture of Hellenism? In history it is often the incredible that happens. . . . Every Christian mind is a seed of change so long as it is a living mind, not enervated by custom or ossified by prejudice. A Christian has only to *be* in order to change the world, for in that act of being there is contained all the mystery of supernatural life. . . . the life of the Church never fails, since it possesses an infinite capacity for regeneration. It is the eternal organ through which the Spirit enters the social process and builds up a new humanity—*populus qui nascetur quem fecit Dominus.* The spirit breathes and they are created and the face of the earth is renewed."

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Revolution in Asia

To win the sympathy of Asia, we have first to understand the meaning of the uprising there.

By HAROLD C. HINTON

WHEN Edmund Burke published his *Reflections on the French Revolution,* in 1790, he gave voice to the instinctive aversion felt by a member of a stable and orderly society to the spectacle of violent change abroad.

Few would argue that his strictures on the excesses of the French revolutionaries were unjustified, and yet the work of those men, with its tremendous consequences for mankind, could not be censured out of existence. Nor can the present revolution in Asia. Whether we like it or not, we must understand it if we are to deal with it.

The revolution in Asia is in large measure the offspring of the expansion of Europe. The West has brought many valuable gifts to Asia during the past five centuries, Christianity among them, but it has also wrought much harm. The worst damage has resulted from the integration of backward areas into a world economy dominated by the industrial nations of the West. The introduction of more efficient techniques, and the establishment of "law and order" in the colonial areas, have been more than offset by the ensuing increase of population; the average Asiatic peasant of today is poorer than his great-grandfather was. Cheap Western goods have obliterated native handicrafts which formerly provided peasant households with valuable additional income. Thousands of Asiatics have received a Western education, but many have been unable to find suitable work, and in the colonies they have been embittered by finding the highest posts in public life closed to them. Liberalism, Democracy, and the Idea of Progress, the great panaceas of nineteenth century Europe, became known in the East, but their influence on the Asiatic policies of the Western powers was not so great as might have been desired.

Resentment and impatience at the political and economic dominance of the West have given birth in recent decades to a series of nationalist movements led by Asiatics with Western educations. Independence and modernization have been their goals, and socialism their preferred economic philosophy. The modernization of a poor and heavily populated country, they believe, cannot be achieved by the methods of free enterprise. Their coming to power was greatly aided by the Japanese, who uprooted the white man's rule from large sections of Asia.

The revolutionary situation in Asia has been aggravated and exploited during the last generation by Soviet Russia. Lenin believed that the capitalist nations of the West had entered the last phase of their development, that of imperialism, and that they had become economically dependent on the raw materials, markets, and opportunities for investment which they found in the backward regions of Asia. In the absence of proletarian uprisings in the West, he reasoned, the most effective blows against capitalism could be struck in the Far East. From 1921 to 1927 China was the Comintern's main theater of activity, but the Bolsheviks' time in the Far East had not yet come. Simultaneously the Soviet Union began to develop the Asiatic portions of its empire. The building of schools, hospitals, railroads, and factories among Soviet Asiatics increased the latter's prosperity appreciably. Their neighbors and kinsmen across the Chinese frontier, who enjoyed no such advantages, began to sit up and take notice. By coming forward as the friend of Asiatic nationalism, proclaiming its enmity toward Western imperialism, and holding out the hope of a more prosperous economic order, Russia has succeeded in creating what the United States lacks, a network of Asiatic propagandists pledged to advance her cause.

As a result of these efforts and of Japan's defeat, Russia has been able in recent years to make astonishing gains against a minimum of resistance. She has sent agents into western Tibet to search out sites for possible airfields; acquired substantial economic privileges in Sinkiang and Manchuria; presided over the transformation of Outer Mongolia into a collectivized satellite; fostered peasant risings in Indochina, Burma, and the Philippines strong enough to defy suppression; and found in China and North Korea Communist regimes loyal enough to make war on the United States and the United Nations on her behalf. In return for these gains the Soviet Union has offered Asia very little in the way of constructive aid; given the shaky condition of the Russian economy and the conspicuous absence of philanthropy in the Kremlin, a Soviet Point Four or Colombo Plan is unthinkable.

HAROLD C. HINTON, *of Georgetown University, is one of the authors of the official War Department history of the Korean Occupation.*

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THE Communist world threatens to become bipolarized by the victories of the Chinese Communists, which were hailed by the Soviet press in 1949 as events surpassing in importance even Russia's own successful detonation of an atomic bomb. The nature of the Chinese Communist movement and its relation to Moscow are subjects of heated debate, and I claim no assurance of understanding them. It is my belief, however, that the Chinese Communists have succeeded mainly through their own efforts and the inadequacy of their opponents, and not because of aid or even advice from the Soviet Union. Since the emergence of Mao Tse-tung as their leader in 1931, the Chinese Communists have based themselves squarely on the peasantry, the most numerous and most discontented class in China. By crushing the power of Chinese landlords over their tenants and diminishing the formerly absolute authority of Chinese men over their wives and children, the Communists unleashed tremendous social forces which swept them into control over the mainland of China. Despite their success in building armies and ameliorating somewhat the economic chaos left by the civil war, they still face formidable obstacles. Among them are internal unrest and a shortage of capital with which to finance their announced program of industrialization. Nevertheless, China is far stronger today than she has ever been before, and her military intervention in Korea and Tibet poses a serious threat to non-Communist Asia.

How do matters stand with these countries, and how much resistance are they likely to be capable of offering to pressure from the north? The gaining and retaining of their support has rightly been, and must continue to be, a main goal of American Far Eastern policy. Their military value as allies is problematical, but the ideological strength to be derived from their support is enormous. Furthermore, several of them control important quantities of essential raw materials—tin, rubber, manganese, jute.

In India, which, although a self-proclaimed republic, still remains within the British Commonwealth, Nehru's government is grappling manfully, if a touch dictatorially, with staggering economic and social problems. Untouchability has been outlawed and an ambitious program of land reform enacted. Despite her position of leadership among the nations of Southern Asia and her desire to do what she can to promote the cause of world peace, India's relations with her neighbor Pakistan are bad. Nehru still denies Pakistan's claim to Kashmir, based on the adherence to Islam of the majority of Kashmir's inhabitants. Domestic extremists, Communist and other, are working industriously to discredit and overthrow his government.

In Pakistan the government of Liaquat Ali Khan is striving to build prosperity on the weak foundations of a backward agrarian economy and a virtual absence of industry.

In the island of Ceylon, which has been a Dominion within the British Commonwealth since 1948, the relatively stable government of D. S. Senanayake is trying to diversify and develop a plantation economy, hitherto dependent on the export of tea, rubber, and cocoanut products, by encouraging the establishment of industries and the colonization of unsettled land.

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BURMA, whose tie with Britain was wholly and prematurely severed in 1948, is torn by civil war. The nationalist and socialist government of Thakin Nu is faced with a revolt of Communist guerrillas and racial minorities that has virtually paralyzed local reform efforts.

British rule in the Crown Colony of Malaya has been fairly successful in promoting the welfare of both the Malays and the large Chinese population, and incidentally in extracting valuable supplies of tin and rubber to help counteract Britain's unfavorable trade balance with the United States. At the present time a large force of British troops, with considerable air support, is engaged in a campaign against a handful of Chinese Communist guerrillas whose object is to bleed Britain's manpower and resources to the greatest possible extent.

The independent kingdom of Siam is in the grip of Phibun Songgram, a Right Wing nationalist dictator whose foreign policy in the past has displayed the purest opportunism. Russia's large legation staff in Bangkok is often accused of directing Soviet espionage and propaganda throughout Southeast Asia.

The alliance of nationalist and Communist elements known as Viet Minh, under the leadership of Moscow-trained Ho Chi-minh, already controls a large portion of Indochina and most of the frontier with China itself. If the aid which the Chinese Communists have given it should swell into outright intervention, the position of the French would become untenable. The French have showed a shortsighted reluctance to grant genuine self-government to their creation, Viet Nam, under the nominal leadership of the playboy "emperor" Bao Dai.

The United States of Indonesia, an independent federal republic of sixteen states, retains a tie with Holland by virtue of its membership in the Netherlands-Indonesian Union. The government of Soetan Sjahrir has recently suppressed a series of revolts brought on by its own centralizing policies, but disorder and distress persist.

The United States granted political independence to the Philippines in 1946, but not economic independence. The government of the

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United States insisted that the exploitation of the public domain and the operation of public utilities be legally open to American citizens on the same basis as to Filipinos. At present the corrupt government of Elpidio Quirino, which has failed to grapple with the evils of peasant tenancy and indebtedness, finds itself virtually bankrupt and unable to suppress the Communist-led peasant revolt of the Hukbalahaps.

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FORMOSA, so dear to the hearts of American legislators, is now the last remaining stronghold of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government. Somewhat chastened by its defeat, this government has purged itself of some of the gross abuses which led to its collapse on the mainland, but its hold on the loyalties of the Formosan Chinese and its ability to defend the island indefinitely are problematical. It remains a fundamentally authoritarian and conservative government with little to recommend it but its opposition to Communism. The United States pledged itself in 1943 to see Formosa returned to China. We can escape from the necessity of allowing it to fall to the Communists only by repudiating the Cairo Declaration or by continuing to recognize the Nationalist Government as the legal government of all China. Both these expedients have been tried, but both are uncomfortable.

President Syngman Rhee of the Republic of Korea, despite his long residence in the United States and Europe, is a narrow and conservative Korean nationalist. He has frequently been at odds with his National Assembly over questions of policy and appointments. The real strong man of the regime, Prime Minister Lee Bumsuk, resigned recently, and is being succeeded by a Catholic and moderate, Dr. John M. Chang, former Korean Ambassador to the United States. It is to be hoped that Dr. Chang's loyalty to President Rhee will not end by impairing his popularity with the National Assembly. The future of this ravaged land, even if the Chinese Communists withdraw, looks extremely bleak.

American bombs and torpedoes, combined with postwar chaos in the Far East as a whole, have so damaged Japan's once prosperous industrial system and foreign trade that it is difficult to see how the islands can support their present population of about eighty million. If it were not for the presence of American troops and the contributions of American taxpayers, Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida's conservative and rather ineffectual government would probably collapse and be replaced by extremists of the Right or Left.

Taken as a whole, the non-Communist nations of Asia do not appear capable of offering effective resistance to the spread of Communism, and Americans tend to grow impatient with their shortcomings. We must remember, however, that these nations are trying, or should be trying, to build up in a few years institutions which in the West required centuries to evolve—an educated electorate, representative institutions, an efficient civil service, and an industrial system. Patience and help, not impatience and insults, are what they need from us. The sympathy and support of two-thirds of a billion people are a prize well worth striving for.

In view of the extreme poverty which prevails in the Far East, it seems to me that for the time being purely ideological questions must be subordinated to practical reforms. The most effective sort of resistance to the spread of Communism which the United States can offer is exemplified in the modest Point Four program for technical aid to underdeveloped areas, for which only about forty million dollars have so far been appropriated. A much more ambitious and promising program is the recently announced Colombo Plan, which envisions the expenditure of five billion dollars by the British Commonwealth on economic development of the non-Communist lands in Asia. Even this sum is not enough to accomplish much, but its potential effect on the political allegiance of the peoples of Asia is incalculable. If and when the West succeeds in raising Asia's living standards appreciably, the efforts of the Voice of America and the United States Information Service to convince the Asiatics of the excellence of our free institutions may begin to bear more fruit than they have so far.

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IN THE meantime, what can the United States and the United Nations do in the face of Chinese Communist intervention in Korea? Political and military considerations alike make the avoidance of full-scale war and of atomic bombings imperative. As I write, the Chinese terms for a settlement are still unknown, but they probably include the establishment of a neutral zone south of the Yalu River, control over Formosa, and the admission of the Peking government to the United Nations. If the Chinese terms cannot be bargained down, and if the alternative seems to be full-scale war between China and the United States, I should favor, as the lesser of two evils, their acceptance provided the Chinese withdrew their troops immediately from Korea, demilitarized a zone to the north of the Yalu, gave convincing assurances that they would offer no further aid to Communist movements outside China's borders, stopped their propaganda attacks on the United States, and agreed to accept mediation by the United Nations of any future boundary dispute with their neighbors.

Above all, the United States must continue to act with the approval of the United Nations and to make every effort to cooperate with the countries of the Far East.

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Europe and the United States: An Open Letter to Etienne Gilson

By WALDEMAR GURIAN

DEAR Professor Gilson: You have spent the last few days here at Notre Dame not only presenting magnificent lectures on Duns Scotus, but also spreading the sad gospel of defeatism. You have emphatically accused a well-known and highly respected French publicist and scholar of being a paid American agent, a man who has urged that France take a strong stand by the side of the United States and, therefore, against the idea of French neutrality in the present world conflict. You have stunned those whom you have met with your prophecy that France will be occupied by the Red Army without much resistance and that the United States will not do much about it. You have told us that you plan not to return to France because you are not prepared to live through a new occupation.

I can understand that you should prefer the haven of the New World to threatened Europe, that you should be anxious to finish your work on Duns Scotus, a project which will have the same importance for intellectual life as your other splendid books have had. I could also understand it if you were unwilling to participate actively in the discussion of present world affairs—after all, you do not consider yourself a leading statesman, you do not consider that your voice will change the existing power distribution in the world.

But you are not silent. You speak out. And you speak in such a way that the will to resist is weakened and undermined. Surely it is true that fear, even panic, grips many people in Europe and particularly in France.

France has fought two world wars—and what was the result? More security? Only more insecurity. And her weakness in the world of the twentieth century, surrounded as she is by superpowers and fearful lest the American-Soviet conflict resurrect the German menace, explains why many Frenchmen hope that they can avoid a new world conflict.

But is there a chance for France to stay on the sidelines? If, as a consequence of Soviet aggression, war breaks out between Moscow and Washington, there will be no neutrals. France will be forced to participate in the conflict. All the talk about neutrality, about the unavoidable Soviet occupation, will have only one practical effect: to hasten the coming of the zero hour. Nothing is more useful to the Soviet aggressors than a defeatism which undermines mutual confidence between the United States and Europe, between the United States and France.

I know that you are not trying to help Communist expansion. You simply believe it to be unavoidable as a result of the present distribution of power. But your utterances about the lack of American help and the bleak fate of the European continent, your proclamations that France will not fight—these statements must be of help to the cause of world Communism, even against your will. Just because you are regarded, and rightly so, as a leading representative of European culture, as one of the finest Christian and humanist philosophers of our time, your statements will be accepted by those who want to rationalize their cowardice and capitulation. In Europe your statements are undermining the will to resist. In the United States they encourage those who say that Europe is not ready to defend herself, that she relies exclusively on the money and manpower of the United States, that she will meekly accept Soviet domination.

★

I DO NOT deny that the situation is most critical and that many faults have been committed. The plight of France has not always been well enough appreciated. Methods and approaches have been adopted which created misunderstandings and caused injury to sensibilities. Too little support was given to the Schuman plan. On the other hand there was in Europe and also in France too little understanding of American policies, of the sacrifices of American taxpayers, who have to meet the costs of the Marshall Plan and who are sometimes inclined to underestimate the fact that these expenditures are also made in their own interest.

You could have become a mediator between

WALDEMAR GURIAN, *head of the Committee on International Relations of the University of Notre Dame and editor of The Review of Politics, is the author of Bolshevism, Theory and Practice, and Hitler and the Christians, among other books on political philosophy.*

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Europe and the United States, between France and the United States, because you were often in the New World and the people here were always proud to have you as their guest and they were, and are, always willing to learn from you. But what have you done? What are you continuing to do? You often talk about the United States in the same way that those provincial-minded observers do who, ignoring the many-sidedness of American life, characterize it with the stereotype term "materialistic." You increase mutual distrust. You preach acceptance of capitulation—for that, in practice, is what the debate on neutrality means in the present world conflict which necessarily has but two sides—and you announce in advance that France and Europe are lost.

But I cannot believe that this is your final word. I cannot believe that you are on the side of those who are overwhelmed and blinded by the difficulties and the threats of the day. And therefore I conclude with the hope that you will abandon your campaign of despair and incrimination and will in the future find some words of encouragement and understanding.

Sincerely yours,

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

Communications

Anti-Subversives Law

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: . . . I have no objections to the President enforcing the [new Anti-Subversives] law. My objection is to the method of his enforcement in that he permitted these people to come to this country after the passage of the legislation and then held them up while he called in the press. If he had given the new law the same interpretation he did the section which it amended, no one would have entered any complaint. The difficulty is that he did not apply the same interpretation to the wording used in the new law as those contained in the old section.

It is apparent from your editorial that you are opposed to this legislation. . . . I have no alibis whatever for the immigration section although I was not on the subcommittee nor did I sponsor that particular section. My work was concerned with subversive activities and registration within the United States. This is Section 1 of the Law.

I am citing you one particular case. In Colyer v. Skeffington, Fed. 17, 72 (D. C. Mass. 1920) the Court, in considering petitions for writs of habeas corpus of aliens held under warrants of arrest for deportation, made the following statement with respect to membership in an organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or violence proscribed by the Act of October 16, 1918: "Assuming for the purposes of the present point that the Secretary's construction and application of the act to the Communist Party may be held to be correct, I accord with what I understand now to be the view of the Department of Labor, that such membership must be a *real* membership in or an *actual* affiliation with the proscribed organization. I do not think that Congress meant to authorize the expulsion of aliens who pass from one organization into another, supposing the change to be a mere change of name, and that by assenting to membership in the new organization they had not really changed their affiliations or political or economic activities. For illustration: When, at meetings of a local of the Socialist Party, notice was given that the local had been expelled or had seceded from the Socialist Party and would thereafter take the name 'Communist,' and that signatures for membership in the new organization were requisite, nothing more appearing, I could not hold that such new membership, thus created, brings the new members within the purview of the act of Congress. Congress could not have intended to authorize the wholesale deportation of aliens who, accidentally, artificially, or unconsciously in appearance only, are found to be members of or affiliated with an organization of whose platform and purposes they have no real knowledge." . . .

Although the administrative authorities have ruled that the Narodni Front of Yugoslavia is a subversive organization within the purview of the Act of October 16, 1918, membership by an alien in which organization would make the alien excludable, the Department of State ruled that membership in the Narodni Front which was induced for the purpose of obtaining food rations, job or housing permits, was not the type of membership contemplated by the Act of October 16, 1918 so as to work an exclusion of aliens so induced unless the aliens also had an ideological affinity for the organization or were Communists in fact. The Immigration and Naturalization Service has admitted into the United States a number of aliens who obtained visas under this ruling.

I send you this information because I know you want the facts. President Truman, as you say, is not in sympathy with this legislation but it is his solemn duty to enforce it. When a law is on the statute books, and has been interpreted by the courts in a certain way, and an amendment is adopted to the law using the same words, it should be construed in the same manner.

The Attorney General himself has acknowledged that he has made a wrong interpretation of the legislation by changing his regulations and allowing people to enter. This could have been done initially without all of the hardships which have been brought to bear upon those involved.

HOMER FERGUSON,
U. S. Senator, Michigan.

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The Ibsen Girl

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Since I admire his criticism and consider it a decided asset to THE COMMONWEAL, I hesitate to take issue with Walter Kerr; and yet surely his remarks about Ibsen (Nov. 24) are too oversimplified to be allowed to pass without comment.

To say that "Society is the villain, as it always was with Ibsen. Hilda is no more responsible for her own plight than Nora or Hedda or Mrs. Alving were" is to confuse Ibsen with Zola or perhaps Bernard Shaw. Ibsen's plays are rich in character in the strictest sense of that word: they are, as one might expect of a man so strongly influenced by Kierkegaard, intensely ethical in nature, dominated from start to finish by a quest for moral integrity. They affirm the freedom of man's will in spite of the ghosts, the white horses, and all the other social pressures that do so much to circumscribe or even to destroy it.

And if they fail to be great tragedies, as indeed they do, it is not because the characters are mere pawns who make no errors in judgment or show no frailty of character. Mrs. Alving knows that she has been guilty of moral cowardice. Rebecca West's suicide is not defiance but expiation for her early philosophy of end justifies the means. No, the plays fail as tragedies principally because Ibsen, that prototypical modern, could find no transcendental order that would lend support and direction to the conscience and the suffering of his protagonists. Hence a play like "Ghosts" ends on a note of unrelieved horror instead of the peace and resignation of the "Oresteia" or "Oedipus the King." But to read "Ghosts" as if it were wholly a play of "destruction by impersonal forces" is hardly more justifiable than to read the "Oedipus" of Sophocles as merely a play of destruction by an infernal machine. Even if Ibsen had not made a close study of Sophocles and spent two years in the writing of "Ghosts" he could hardly have been guilty of the artistic error with which Mr. Kerr charges him. The concepts of moral responsibility and retribution are the mainsprings of his thought.

Mr. Kerr would leave us with the memory of an Ibsen who wrote "careful but earthbound prose," drew characters who are little more than a peg for the author's sociological interests, and gave us "the prose problem play, with its substitution of journalism for poetic insight." But many of Mr. Kerr's readers will prefer, I am sure, the rather different verdict of Henry James: ". . . for those who care in general for the form that he has practised, he will always remain one of the talents that have understood it best and extracted most from it, have effected most neatly the ticklish transfusion of life. If we possessed the unattainable, an eclectic, artistic, disinterested theatre . . . it would simply be a point of honor in such a temple to sacrifice sometimes to Henrik Ibsen."

MARTIN J. SVAGLIC.

The Stage

GUYS AND DOLLS

"GUYS AND DOLLS" is the kind of a show that frustrates your efforts to communicate your own pleasure with it. You are so eager to convince people of its real superiority to the average musical success that you start throwing superlatives around (Leonard Lyons has simply collapsed and called it the best musical comedy he ever saw) and with each superlative you realize that you are falsifying the actual quality of the show and gaining less and less conviction. The trouble is that, as a show, "Guys and Dolls" was too easy to anticipate. Damon Runyon's short stories would obviously make a likely book for a musical. The title was a natural. The show would be boisterous, slangy, and sentimentally tough. So it's a hit. What else?

Well, it might have been a lot else. It might have been hard, funny, and completely manufactured. It might have traded on sentiment about Runyon rather than sentiment about the characters. It might have been a hash of Runyon trademarks with just enough reminiscent humor, together with a couple of sock numbers, to get it across. But George Kaufman is back in form and he has put together a show that shows no signs whatsoever of having been put together.

Integration is a terrible word when applied to musical comedy. It usually means dream ballets and not very much humor. But if there is a virtue in the word, "Guys and Dolls" has it. Story, music, and dances are all of a piece and, what is so rare as to be unbelievable, equally delightful. I suppose the book is the biggest surprise. Written by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows under Kaufman's direction, it is interesting in its own right, very funny, touching when it should be, and never leaves you impatiently waiting for the songs. The songs, when you get to them, are just as good. Frank Loesser seems to me the most interesting of the newer composers for musical comedy. He draws on his background in folk music without being self-conscious or purist about it, and there is no purist like a folk purist. He makes use of his knowledge of serious music to freshen the forms which popular music may take, without forgetting that he is committed to writing popular music. And even as he is keeping himself within the boundaries of Tin Pan Alley, he is writing with both eyes on the show rather than on sheet-music sales. Add to this the fact that he writes excellent lyrics, and it may be necessary to pause for a moment while we admire Mr. Loesser.

Even when you grant that the show is integrated, that its book has an internal logic worthy of a straight play, and that its score is just about perfect, you still haven't explained the spontaneous and unexpected charm which wins you over approximately one minute after the curtain goes up and keeps you sitting there, happier and happier, until eleven o'clock. This, I think, must finally

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be laid to George Kaufman, who has directed a good company with such honesty and—strange word for the surroundings—innocence, that you feel friendly and paternalistic about the whole bunch all night.

If, apart from its tremendous entertainment value, "Guys and Dolls" makes any contribution to musical comedy form, it is this: where Rodgers and Hammerstein's advances have been leading them into an increasing seriousness bordering on operetta, a consequent abandonment of some musical properties (such as dance in "South Pacific") and a tendency toward remote romantic locales, "Guys and Dolls" dumps the whole thing back into the vernacular without losing a single one of the gains. (*At the Forty-Sixth Street.*)

THE GOLDEN STATE

"THE GOLDEN STATE" makes for one of those sad times in the theatre when you discover that an actress you love hasn't really been making up her own lines all these years. It is one of the illusions of the theatre, and no disservice to the playwright, that a wonderful performer and the wonderful things the performer has sometimes said are one and the same. It is even a tribute to the performer that he has made the dialogue so much a part of himself. But when the bad play comes along, and the bad play is full of bad lines, the disillusion one feels toward the performer can be shattering. This time Josephine Hull, whom I still love anyway, hasn't been asked by a Mary Chase to come into a room, look about it for a rabbit, and then happily sigh: "Good. Nobody here but people." This time she has been asked to say dull and even unattractive things, and she says them, and the character comes out dull and unattractive. There is no penalty for writing a bad play, but there ought to be one for writing a bad play for Miss Hull.

The author, Samuel Spewack, has written successful comedies before, but he has run himself into a peculiar problem this trip. His play is about Californians, their romantic notions about themselves, and their childish passion for getting rich. I suppose a comedy could be written on the subject, though it is a somewhat special notion. The trouble with Mr. Spewack is that he has chosen to write a comedy on a subject which doesn't strike him as being the least bit funny. He is, instead, irritated and annoyed with these Californians. They bother him, and he would much rather spank them than give them that momentary sympathy without which no character, however satiric, can be created. He has no good humor for them. This shows, all the way through, and there is no heart for the affair on either side of the footlights. The audience can barely bring itself to titter, and I don't see how the actors get through it at all.

Lester Polakov's setting is exactly like the play. I am prepared to believe that middle-class California architecture is as ugly as Mr. Polakov indicates, but he indicates it with such fidelity and so little comment that I was far more tempted to tear it down than to laugh at it. (*At the Fulton.*)

RING ROUND THE MOON

IT IS a wonderful thing to have language coming back into the theatre, and this Christopher Fry translation of a "charade" by Jean Anouilh is certainly literate. It is also stylishly acted by a company which is very well dressed. But I'm afraid that's about it. A group of more or less fancifully conceived characters are thrown together at a party—twin brothers of opposite characteristics, a girl who is not what she pretends to be, a wealthy man who tears up his money when he meets someone who will not take it—and proceed to jostle one another in a mannered and mannequin fashion that presumably makes the piece a "charade." But while they are attractive enough individually, as parts of a mosaic they don't add up. The pieces never come into a coherent picture, and our evening proves to be as idle as theirs. M. Anouilh no doubt intended nothing more than a divertissement, and there is always room in the theatre for a joke, especially a literate one. But a joke must have a point, and if "Ring Round the Moon" has one, it got past me. I kept thinking that Gilbert Miller, who produced and directed, did the play only because it would provide him with a distinguished and dressy evening, not because he really saw anything in it. (*At the Martin Beck.*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

Perchance to Dream

JEAN COCTEAU, in a short article on his new movie, has said: "To seek to understand, this is the strange mania of men." His new movie is *"Orpheus,"* a retelling in modern dress of the old myth; and if M. Cocteau thinks he is easing man's strange mania by helping him understand the famous legend, he is mistaken. But what Cocteau has done is to embellish the story with some exceptionally beautiful imagery in good cinema that makes you feel the themes more than understand them. It is still the tale of the poet whose wife is taken by death into the realm of the other world where her husband follows; he is allowed to bring her back to this world as we know it—on the condition that he never look at her again. This condition, as you will remember, proves too difficult; and once more Orpheus and Eurydice find themselves in the realm of death. But this time director-writer Cocteau finds an out for them.

If your strange mania for seeking to understand is so powerful that you have to figure out every symbol and meaning in a movie, you probably won't have a very good time at "Orpheus," but if you're willing to let Jean

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Cocteau guide you into a dream world of sleep and death that is populated by a handsome cast and motivated by a mysterious hand, you'll find "Orpheus" a stimulating adventure. Furthermore, the intriguing mixture of reality (emphasized by the use of modern dress and such devices as a Rolls Royce, the motorcycles on which death's messengers ride, the radio to which Orpheus listens to learn the secrets of death) and fantasy (heightened by the watery mirror-doors through which Death comes and goes, and various other tricks typical of Cocteau films) succeeds in giving this movie a light touch and a tone of humor that contrast effectively with the serious subject matter. As a matter of fact, in spite of the film's ageless themes of life and death, Cocteau by no means treats them with anything approaching a heavy hand of tragedy. Orpheus' death is called the Princess and is beautifully played by Maria Casares; but afterwards you are not so likely to be impressed by the performances (Jean Marais as Orpheus; Maria Dea as Eurydice; Francois Perier as the Princess' chauffeur) as by the dream-like effect that these people give under Cocteau's direction. The English sub-titles on this French film and the narration (recited by Romney Brent in English) won't help you figure out why Orpheus is more in love with the Princess than with his own wife, but they will give you more food for thought when they inform you that Orpheus' greatest fault is his knowing how far to go before going too far. Obviously "Orpheus" is for a very select audience. If you think you belong to it, and if you believe that death, as it must to all men, may one day come to you, don't miss this picture.

★

FOR moviegoers with a strong yen for English films, I recommend *"Prelude to Fame."* Although it doesn't quite come up to those other two English pictures about children in an adult world ("The Fallen Idol" and "The Rockinghorse Winner") it has great merit and deserves the following it will get. Based on Aldous Huxley's short story, "Young Archimedes," it tells about a child genius, an Italian youngster with a phenomenal music memory and capacity for orchestration. He falls under the evil influence of a woman who has too much money and power; she furthers his education and then exploits him to the utmost for her own glory. Fergus McDonel has directed the simple, straight-forward script expertly and rates commendation for not falling into the errors to which so many highbrow musical films are heir. He manages even during the long sequences in which numbers are played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Orchestra of the San Carlo Theater in Naples not to let his picture get static. So well has he established his characters that when we come to these long-playing orchestra scenes, director McDonel needs only to move his camera from one actor to another to carry on the mood of his story.

The cast is excellent: young Jeremy Spenser as the Italian boy whose sensitivity as a child orchestra leader and as a boy with boy's dreams is remarkable; Kathleen Byron as the self-centered woman who uses the boy to win attention to herself; Guy Rolfe and Kathleen Ryan as the English couple who are greatly disturbed by the turn of events especially after the boy achieves fame. The production throughout this movie is exceptionally good. As you can see I liked "Prelude to Fame." Actually you don't have to be an English film fan to enjoy it, since it's designed for those who like good cinema that appeals to both the head and heart.

★

WISH I could say that about the new Hollywood items that are on the agenda. *"Let's Dance"* has a good cast led by such lively entertainers as Fred Astaire, Betty Hutton, Roland Young and Lucille Watson but gives them so little to do that the whole piece seems like a waste of talent. The plot concerns the fights between Betty, the song-and-dance mother of a small boy, and Lucille, the boy's too proper grandmother. You really don't care too much who gets the child, but you do wish Astaire would dance more often. When he does he's good, but he doesn't enough.

★

I SHALL resist the temptation to play with the title of *"Never a Dull Moment,"* the new Irene Dunne-Fred MacMurray opus which tries like everything to be very cute and gay. It's hard to figure out, sometimes, why a movie fails in its intentions. Actually some of the incidents in this failure are very amusing; and the idea of the whole piece (a sophisticated New Yorker marries a cowboy and gets a jolt when she goes out to live on his ranch) is based on Kay Swift's biographical book. But when the slapstick and rather giddy episodes of this movie were finally placed on one long piece of celluloid, the sum total is almost vacuous. Actors as pretty as Miss Dunne and as virile as Mr. MacMurray shouldn't be asked to be as foolish as this comedy expects its characters to be. However, admirers of "The Egg and I" (and I'm told there were plenty) might go for all this stuff about the ranch and I.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

A Christmas Appeal

THE Poor Clare Sisters in Rome are asking for donations to help them in their work among the poor of the Eternal City. They promise each benefactor a personal remembrance in their prayers which will extend to his work as well as to all his dear ones. Donations for these Poor Clares should be sent to

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An Eloquent Man

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD used to rate Hemingway as our greatest living novelist and Faulkner next to him. I am not going to enter that debate if only on the ground that there are not sufficient common elements present for comparison. It would be like trying to determine whether El Greco or Gaugin were the greater painter. Hemingway has reduced the art of emotional conveyance to its simplest; Faulkner has restored eloquence, rhetoric, if you will, to American prose. I would even be willing to defend the proposition that none of our fiction has been so drenched in Catholicism as Hemingway's; Faulkner, by comparison, is authentic American Protestantism.

Graham Greene's work—*Brighton Rock, The Heart of the Matter,* and more especially *The Labyrinthine Ways*—is most helpful in determining the ethical, the religious difference I am making here. But I merely throw it out. It is a separate essay, and I am not writing that particular essay today.

What I started out to say was that all of us must share William Faulkner's pride in his winning the 1949 Nobel Prize for literature. For it is not to gainsay the artistic achievement of Hemingway to note that Faulkner is a very great artist. He is as eloquent as Burke or the best of Webster. Much of his speech, many of his speeches sing in your blood, hang like a harp in your heart, gentle and strong, vibrant and quivering, wild, yet not uncontrolled, silver and gold, fluid and refluent, heard and reheard and remembered, as a girl, a woman, remembers always the first said, believed, and persuasive words of love she ever heard in the abiding world of her heart.

For Faulkner is a poet who has triumphed over the Protestant, the Yankee sense of reticence, the sense of shame of words, which Hemingway, in a way, is part of; the suppression of emotion which Hemingway is part of; the act, the deed catching up and sublimating the shame, drowning the embarrassment as dancing does or drinking does, whence making love is a deed and not an exercise in panache, banners bright and brave over it, held delectation, in speech shameless, richly textured, its splendor stolen from the eternally resplendent stars.

★

HEMINGWAY of "The Snows of Kiliminjaro," of Pilar's description of the smells which remained in my room for months after I first read it, is, of course, a poet—but it is Robert Frost; it is not Shakespeare. On the whole he has banked his poetry. He is all of us who have asthma in the voice, who make jelly out of crab apples, who deny the Irishry in America that our South

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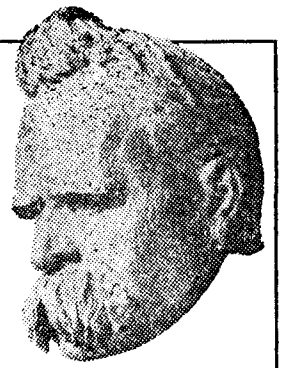

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has received and assumed pridefully into its essentially and rhetorically anarchic system. Hemingway, whatever he may be as a man, whatever his natural impulses, is the highly and rigidly disciplined artist. So, as an artist, he sees life as a dirty trick and discovers that courage is grace under duress. But grace is, for him as an artist, control, the absence of display, even if the unseen fingernails bite blood into the flesh. In what is supposed to be the great love story of our time, Catherine is dead in the hospital room and her lover turns out the nurses: "But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain."

I am in favor of reticence myself and of the hidden grief that pride makes covert. But no poetry was ever made out of it. Nobody ever made high comedy out of it either (although I am not here denying the fun in Hemingway), the kind of humor with which Faulkner ends *Light In August,* giving us rich insight into Lena Grove seemingly following the errant father of her legally fatherless child. The man who has given Lena her last ride tells his wife about it:

> He laughs, lying in bed, laughing. "Yes, sir. You can't beat a woman. Because do you know what I think? I think she was just traveling. I don't think she had any idea of finding whoever it was she was following. I don't think she ever aimed to, only she hadn't told him yet. I reckon this was the first time she had ever been further away from home than she could walk back before sundown in her life. And that she had got along this far, with folks taking good care of her. And I think she had just made up her mind to travel a little further and see as much as she could, since I reckon she knew that when she settled down this time, it would likely be for the rest of her life."

No one ever calls Lena Grove "you dear, brave, sweet," as Captain Henry calls Hemingway's Catherine, but Lena had a quick, contained courage which, surviving, helped survival; a courage sustained by a vast, silent, secret interior laughter. If she found that life was a dirty trick, she never told it to anyone. She conserves the race as, I am told, it is the willing, escapeless function of women to do, in a land which Faulkner believes to be cursed, and which continually pays the fate-levied tribute its past has imposed on it, which will accomplish its revenge.

★

FAULKNER'S South is a different South from any that exists in known reality, different from any that any other writer has imagined. This is a legendary South only in the sense that Faulkner has imagined it, created it, imposed on it a depth and a dimension so that he may, among other things, make his own judgment on it, fill it with the endless, complicated characters of his mind's imagining, explore it and seek out the charactered truth of its past, note the racial division of its ambivalent

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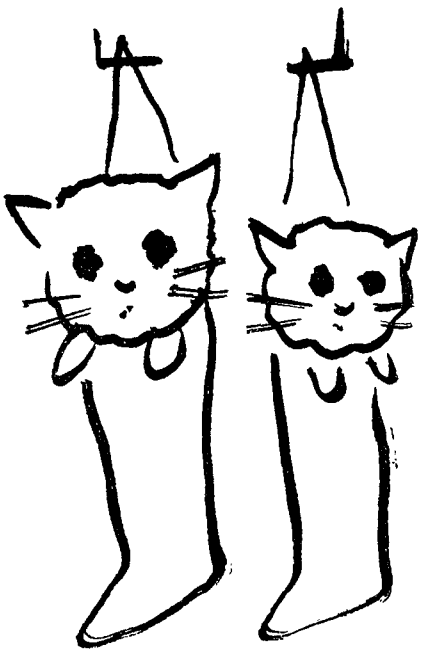
soul (as, in *Light In August,* Joe Christian may be said to represent the whole South Divided), find it an accursed land, sinful inheritor of its destructive past, still worthy of its own understanding, and of its own patient and passionate defense.

For what Faulkner has created, invented, is a world, what Malcolm Cowley has called "a mythical kingdom," a universe of which he has drawn a map—"William Faulkner, sole owner and proprietor," in which men are created out of and in their past, and in which they act, build and ruin; in which they hold, preserve, love, alienate, a world from which they run, and to which they run; judge themselves and are judged, seek safety and seek freedom, seek even "the privilege of fear." They carry illusions with them in their hearts, they live close to their pulse beats. It is a world, like your world, of contention and conflict, of treason, of the accomplishment of terror and revenge, of the raw victory of lust and untrembling power. It is a world, like yours, of pride and order and decency and discipline. It is a cosmos whose cosmology, though artistically structured, is impressed in a soil familiar, possessing character because it possesses a history which cannot be denied or repealed or annulled, but which is known and remembered and shared, and is a shaper of destiny; even when it is a largely personal history, as in *Wild Palms,* "when I am not then all remembering will cease to be." Hence, though we may resent this Faulkner world or try to reject it, find it sick-laden, infested with terror, it cannot, I think, be resented or rejected out of disbelief. It may trouble us, but it is true, as hate is true or violence.

Hence, I am puzzled that Mr. Cowley should accept, and try to document, André Gide's judgment that "there is not one of Faulkner's characters who, properly speaking, has a soul." Mr. Cowley extends this statement to mean that not one of them "exercises the faculty of conscious choice between good and evil," and to the conclusion that "Faulkner himself writes, not what he wants to, but what he just has to write whether he wants to or not."

I would not take Faulkner seriously if I thought this to be true. Of course if Faulkner is driven to do what he does a good deal of criticism of him falls away. But I cannot believe that so simple, so romantic an explanation of the artist. The mere fact that Faulkner keeps rearranging and rewriting his material so that what was a short story yesterday is part of a novel today, and both of them wholly rewritten, fitting somewhere else into the pattern tomorrow, is hardly a sign that Faulkner is unaware of what he is doing, or that he is the child of the Furies, chained to a desk, doomed for his lifetime to go on lengthening the legend, and mortising the joints of the legend he was, somehow, forced to create.

It is true, of course, that some of Faulkner's people feel that they are doomed, that they are not wholly free of their past, that they carry with them "a curious sense of submission to their fate." But even submission is volition, and Faulkner accounts for every one of his characters and the acts of his characters and, in consequence,



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exposes them to his judgment, our judgment, and the judgment of themselves.

In what is by all odds his greatest story, "The Bear," to the young man who hunted a bear for four years and then refused to shoot it, the older man comments and explains: "Courage and honor and pride, and pity and love of justice and of liberty. They all touch the heart, and what that heart holds to becomes truth, as far as we know truth." The man who wrote that is aware of more than predestination, nor are the creations of his imagination and creative and artistic mind Calvin's predestinate children.

★

FAULKNER is aware, of course, that a particular kind of history more deeply and intensely affects men than does another kind. And he is saying, I think, too, that the range of choice in our lifetimes is narrowing; just as he is aware of frenzy in us all, so that political systems can be erected and secured by uniformed license. Thus in his most political novel, *Intruder in the Dust,* he finds his South "in the position of the German after 1933 who had no other alternative between being a Nazi or a Jew." But this—this constriction of choice—is a description of any world, and Faulkner has merely observed it earlier than most.

Some of his people do grievous things and accept grief into their memories rather than have nothing at all—"that inevictible immortal memory" which distinguishes man and which distinguishes, too, the euphoric State, since it is the ordered business of the psychotic State to annul it, to destroy it, as George Orwell has pointed out. But whether the Faulkner people run to security from freedom, or to freedom from fear of a security which extinguishes, they make a choice, if a delimited one.

And the things that they do, the injustice, the brutality, are remembered in the startled, judging minds of men, as Faulkner so wonderfully shows with so much power and music and startling poetic beauty:

> He lay there with his eyes open and empty of everything save consciousness, and with something, a shadow, about his mouth. For a long moment he looked up at them with peaceful and unfathomable and unbearable eyes. Then his face, body, all seemed to collapse, to fall in upon itself, and from out the slashed garments about his hips and loins the pent black blood seemed to rush like a released breath. It seemed to rush out of his pale body like the rush of sparks from a rising rocket; upon that black blast the man seemed to rise soaring into their memories forever and ever. They are not to lose it, in whatever peaceful valleys, beside whatever placid and reassuring streams of old age, in the mirroring forces of whatever children they will contemplate old disasters and newer hopes. It will be there, musing, quiet, steadfast, not fading and not particularly threatful, but of itself alone serene, of itself alone triumphant.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Of Note

Psychology

IN THE current issue of the *Journal of Arts and Letters* (555 S. Hamline Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota) Brother Roger Philip, F.S.C. writes: "Although psychology is . . . popular in some Catholic colleges with strong faculties and adequate apparatus, many of our institutions manifest to it a marked antagonism which reflects the attitude of certain Catholic educators." Speaking of objections made by educators who have been brought up in the philosophic tradition and who feel psychology should be philosophic, not scientific, in trend, he writes:

> Some admirers of Scholastic philosophy, (not the real experts, for they are alert to the necessity of growth in any branch of knowledge), are prone to look with horror on any change no matter how slight in the content or the wording of the *philosophia perennis.* They close their eyes and refuse to admit that psychology is a science, preferring to adhere to the rational psychology that was current centuries ago. . . .
>
> The astounding part of the whole situation is that Scholastic writers when dealing with other topics in philosophy, such as cosmology and epistemology, do not hesitate to utilize the most recent findings of physics, astronomy and other sciences, to bring to date the material from which their theories are formed. That is what it should be. Philosophy should be based upon facts, and the facts should be accurate. Why it is inappropriate to use modern scientific findings in psychology but not in cosmology as the basis for philosophic exposition is something hard to understand.
>
> To the objection that scientific psychology is utterly materialistic, that it allows no place for the soul, and that it treats man as if he were merely a machine, it is well to consider the following fact. Psychologists do not necessarily deny the existence of the soul when they delimit the field of their inquiry to topics that can be experimentally investigated. Surely we can have no quarrel with a scientist who chooses to work in a particular field. That he should ignore other fields that look more important to us does not necessarily imply that he denies their existence. Psychologists restrict themselves to the experimental investigation of behavior—that is their privilege. We should not disclaim against psychology for being material, because all sciences deal with the material. Nor should we talk of a Catholic psychology, for there is no Catholic psychology any more than there is a Catholic chemistry or a Catholic biology. This of course does not imply that the soul should not be studied, but that study properly belongs to theology and to philosophy, not to science.

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Books

Crime on the Labor Front. Malcolm Johnson. McGraw-Hill. $3.50.

DON'T let the title deceive you. Malcolm Johnson is not a nom de plume for Westbrook Pegler. Malcolm Johnson of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* is a first-rate reporter. So is Pegler, of course —or was until he became a columnist. But Johnson is "a union man" and "ardently pro-labor." He is firmly convinced that "labor's advance is for the most part due to organized labor activity" and that "for every crime-wracked union there are innumerable honest and constructive ones" and "for every crooked union official there are a dozen David Dubinskys and Walter Reuthers." He also states, not once, but fifteen times or more, that employers and labor, in most instances, are *equally* to blame for "crime on the labor front."

Other competent students of the waterfront problem in New York have assured us that Mr. Johnson has not exaggerated by so much as an iota (but quite the contrary) in his hair-raising description of "the criminal activities—murder, theft, salary kickbacks, padded payrolls, bribery, extortion, blackmail, etc."—of the International Longshoremen's Association.

A few of his statistics will explain why Father John Monaghan of the New York ACTU refers to Manhattan's waterfront as "a jungle: a matted growth of good trade unionism with graft and sabotage."

1. "In New York City alone at least twenty murders have been accredited by the Police Department to the activities of gangsters in just one union, the International Longshoremen's Union." *At least!*

2. "Organized thievery is by far the most lucrative of the rackets flourishing on New York's waterfront. Losses from cargo thefts, most of which are carefully planned and executed, are estimated at a staggering total of $140,000,000 annually." *Millions, that is!*

Incredible, but true — and probably on the conservative side at that.

And who — and what — is to blame? *Who?* The leaders of the ILA (Catholics for the most part); many of the waterfront employers (whose attitude is "difficult to fathom" except in terms of an overweening lust for profits); some politicians (of both parties); the top leadership of the AFL (which winks at certain abuses in the name of "autonomy"); a host of apathetic and/or intimidated members of the ILA; and a lot of registered voters by the name of John and Mary Doe.

And what? Principally the so-called shape-up system of hiring which is hypocritically supported by ILA leaders and employers alike in spite of overwhelming evidence that it lies at the root of most of the problems of the New York waterfront and in spite of the further fact that almost all other major ports throughout the world have long since abandoned it in favor of a more civilized arrangement.

What else? "The union structure which permits dictatorial rule, depriving the membership of any real voice in formulation of policy; political apathy and fear; and an oversupply of labor."

God knows there is need of a radical moral reform on the part of union leaders and employers alike, but Johnson is realistic enough to conclude that "if all the gangsters now in control of the piers could be rounded up and sent to prison tomorrow, they would be succeeded by other gangs just as powerful and ruthless, unless the system which produces them is changed." "While it is impossible," he says, "to eliminate human weakness and timidity from the characters of all those who do the hiring, it is quite possible to impose a system of practical checks and balances on the hiring procedure so that no one group—honest or dishonest—can control it." Good Catholic social teaching.

A few people have tried to do something about the problem. A few. Catholics can be justifiably proud that Mr. Johnson, who is not a Catholic himself, singles out "a group of outspoken Roman Catholic priests" for honorable mention. He devotes an entire chapter to the pioneer work of Father Monaghan (ACTU), Fathers Carey and Corridan (Xavier Labor School), and their many associates who are helping the waterfront workers to help themselves in finding a solution to one of the most disgraceful labor situations in America. Their efforts need to be supported by the community and supplemented, if necesary, by legislative action. As a good beginning, Johnson says, city, state and federal government agencies could render a real service "by instituting an official study of present labor practices to add to the material already at hand." Sounds like a reasonable suggestion in view of the unwillingness of the ILA and the employers to act on their own initiative.

WE have already said that many principals — labor leaders and employers alike—in the New York waterfront scandal are Catholics. So they are. They "treat their families kindly, and have wide circles of friends and admirers. Away from their jobs, their lives may be high principled and of a lofty moral tone. Yet somehow that morality does not carry over into their business activities." Thank God for the "priests of the waterfront" whose "special interest in the workers" and whose sense of decency makes them just as critical of an anti-Communist Ryan on the East Coast as they are of a pro-Communist Bridges on the West Coast. Their fellow-Catholics—indeed their fellow-priests—are not always as critical of the one as they are of the other. More's the pity, for if Bridges or some other Communist ever succeeds in capturing the Atlantic Coast ports, "Ryan will be largely to blame: first, for creating the threat of Bridges; and second, for failure to clean up the evils in his own union." Ryan will be largely to blame, but not exclusively. "While they condemn the leadership of Ryan in the ILA," says Johnson, "the priests do not hold Ryan entirely responsible. Ryan, after all, is only a well-paid pawn, a product of the system." A product—and a prisoner—of the system.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

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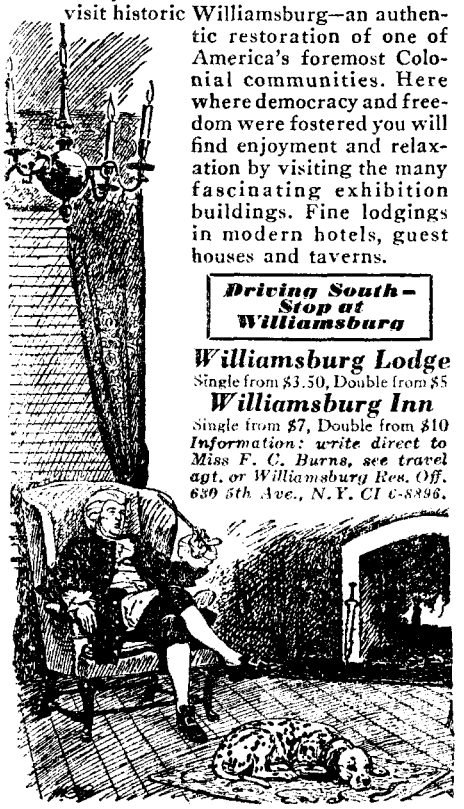

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Age of Surrealism. Wallace Fowlie. Morrow. $3.

THE habit of ridiculing surrealism has passed, at least among those who have any knowledge of the problems and efforts of modern art. The artistic movement which was once considered both an affront to the public intelligence, and the last phase of moral disintegration, is now perceived to have a vital relation to the spiritual and philosophical climate of the 19th and 20th centuries. In *Age of Surrealism* Mr. Wallace Fowlie attempts to unite the accomplishments of 20th-century surrealism with this spiritual and philosophical climate. Communism, neo-thomism and surrealism are the three "revolutions" of our time, Mr. Fowlie contends, with surrealism possibly proving, in the end, to be the most important—"the most vital and renovating movement of modern thought and art."

Since it is the essence of surrealism that the form and rules of art issue from the individual subconsciousness, the movement is an extension of romantic principles, as opposed to the classical principles of objective norms and rules. The negation and iconoclasm of 20th-century surrealism, which flourished between the two world wars, was directed at conventional literature which neglected the "inner self" of the subconscious in order to deal with the more obvious (and less "real") patterns of human behavior. Hence the word "surrealism" defines a subconscious area more real than reality, since it escapes the rational, transitory and conventional outlines of conscious life. Bergson, Freud and Gide, though not surrealists, contributed to surrealist theory; likewise Dostoievski and Proust aided, through their techniques of self-searching and introspection, surrealist method.

In considering the history of the surrealist movement, however, Mr. Fowlie discusses the work of eight men who have been most importantly concerned with the origin and development of a specifically surrealist art. The poet Lautréamont supplied the revolutionary temperament; Rimbaud, the doctrine of the magic of words; Mallarmé, the myth of loneliness; and Apollinaire is the master poet of surrealism, in whom all of these things coalesce. More recently, André Breton has defined the surrealist creed in a series of manifestos beginning in 1924; Jean Cocteau has explored the theatrical and cinematic potentialities of the movement; the poet Eluard has dealt with the theme of passionate love; and, of course, there is Picasso, who by the universality of his work has surpassed the movement to which he has been so close. In the case of each artist Mr. Fowlie analyzes a representative work, tying in his conclusions with a number of essential features of modern surrealism.

It is possible, while reading *Age of Surrealism,* to be convinced of the importance of the movement, and yet to be wary of Mr. Fowlie's enthusiasm for it *as* a movement. The effects of surrealism are doubtless felt in all the arts; but is not the freedom which surrealism has established simply the first step toward a renewal of art? Surrealism has broken the hardened forms of 19th-century art, but it cannot subsist forever as a negation, nor even merely as an affirmation of itself. Mr. Fowlie's enthusiasm, however, is a more encouraging reaction than the ponderous rationalism of most critics, to whom the concept of freedom in art means less than nothing.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation. Max Lowenthal. Sloane. $4.50.

PRESIDENT Truman's memorable observations on the Marine Corps led one columnist to note that up to then there had been three American institutions considered sacred and beyond criticism—the Marines, the FBI, and Motherhood. In this book, already the cause of one of those between-crisis political tempests that delight Washington correspondents and commentators, Mr. Lowenthal has laid down a heavy barrage on the FBI as a threat to our freedoms of thought and speech. Spice

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is added to the uproar by the rumor that the President, who has been publicly cool to J. Edgar Hoover, encouraged or directly assisted the author, a long-time friend. Another interesting twist is the judgment of Morris Ernst, distinguished liberal attorney and fighter for civil liberties, that the book will give comfort to the Communists.

Mr. Lowenthal, a highly capable lawyer, files a powerful but obviously loaded brief against the FBI's record, aims, methods, and present director. Hundreds of pages of newspaper stories, editorial comment, excerpts from the *Congressional Record*, and parts of reports by Governmental and private investigating bodies are offered to show that since 1908, when the bureau was founded, the fears of thoughtful people that it is an authoritarian, police-state type of organization, completely foreign to the American political ideal, have been justified. This condemnation includes its activities in enforcing the Mann Act, the campaign against the anarchists, the deportation raids of the twenties, and the work of fighting spying and sabotage during the last war and thereafter.

THE documentation is as selective as it is heavy, and the testimony of numerous highly respected witnesses who have spoken in praise of much the FBI has done, and the manner in which it was done, is coldly ignored. To judge the FBI, the reader is given an unrelieved picture of brutality, contempt for democratic procedures, inefficiency and incompetency. The work of the FBI in preventing sabotage during World War II, its praiseworthy management of the loyalty investigations, and its success in unmasking the Communist conspiracy are passed by.

Any organization with the potential power of the FBI ought to be subject to continuing analysis and criticism. Neither it, the Marine Corps, nor Mother is completely beyond reproach, and the air is clearer when such institutions are kicked around a bit, figuratively speaking, of course. From that view, the book has a certain therapeutic value in dispelling the illusion of sacrosanctity

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that has been gathering around the FBI and Mr. Hoover, and it should not be passed off as merely leftist or pro-Communist propaganda, as one-sided as it is. It would have been infinitely more valuable, however, as a judicial appraisal of the philosophical problems posed by the existence of a national law-enforcement agency in a democratic society currently faced with a real threat of subversion. The FBI actually seems to be trying to wrestle with some of the problems, while its most articulate critic to date has chosen to ignore them.

PAUL V. FARRELL.

The Dry Season. Dan Wickenden. Morrow. $3.50.

IT IS almost inevitable, now that the successful—or even the aspiring—American novelist should do one book about a Latin-American country. For some years it had to be Mexico; now that the cost of living there equals or exceeds the standard, Guatemala has it. That is all to the good: United States citizens should feel as essentially continental Americans as the best English have always felt continental Europeans. And it is the writers and artists who must point the way.

Unfortunately, as for many European writers, the Continent has meant only an opportunity for license (at least on paper) unallowed at home, so, too, Latin America has too often been peopled by U. S. writers with *gringos* so abandoned as to be caricatures of everything except the nastiest and deepest sub-conscious urges of their creators. Mr. Wickenden has written a good, sound sensible book, about characters who are normally made up of so-much-good-in-the-worst-of-us, and so-much bad-in-the-best, and who change, but not over night, amidst the alien corn.

To his young couple, Silas Cameron, a detective story writer, and Ellen, his wife, comes Paul Davey, unhappy and escaping geographically the conflicts rooted inside. The Jewish Wessels, improvidently arriving, break up the American colony's rhythm of work, drink, work. It is a good story, and a convincing love-story, too, with tenderness and compassion felt by Paul and Deborah each for the other, which is a blessed relief after so many novels where heroes and heroines feel nothing but narcissistic self-pity or self-pride.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Gospel in Slow Motion. Ronald Knox. Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

WHEN I first opened Ronald Knox's latest and last Slow Motion book, I felt only delight. Spontaneously my imagination started writing my review: "In this collection of sermons, there is nothing of dullness, that handyman of the devil. They are all 'alive to God'—indeed, that is the name of the first of them, which sets before us creation's swift response to the will of God, the promptness of the water at Cana, for instance, of which Richard Crashaw wrote: 'The shame-faced water saw its Lord, and blushed.' There is blitheness in them, for as Dorothy Sayers said, 'where Christ is, cheerfulness keeps breaking in.'"

But as I read on, there were times when my mood changed somewhat. To speak of the Roman who killed one of his slaves and threw him into a pond for the fish to eat, and then to add: "which wasn't a very nice thing to do," is a kind of casualness I confess does not appeal to me. I am not amused when he tells his young audience that he hopes Hebrew will not be the language of heaven, "because I've been trying to learn Hebrew for about five years now, and it seems to me a very untidy language."

Perhaps these are small points. But there is another: Monsignor Knox's compatriots are treated more kindly than are, for instance, the Irish or the Jews. In an excellent sermon on Saint John Fisher and Saint Thomas More, "The No-Men," he poses the disturbing question as to how England, a completely Catholic country, could go Protestant in twenty years, with nobody minding very much. His answer is the same as that to his question of why the Germans let the Nazis into power: "Most men are sheep."

This could also explain why the Jewish people followed the lead of their officials in rejecting Our Lord. Yet of them he says that they "ought to have known exactly what was happening, and didn't." The innkeeper at Bethlehem, who said to Joseph and Mary: "No, you go along; it's not for you to come under my roof," is made the embodiment of the welcome the Jews gave their King, and to him is contrasted the Magi. But the Magi had their *true* Jewish counterpart in the shepherds and in Simeon and Anna. The innkeeper, on the other hand, is a mythical figure. Nowhere is he mentioned in the Gospels, and to use him to pre-date the rejection of the Christ by the Jews seems to be not altogether fair. And I ask myself if today, after so many centuries of schism, heresy and apostasy on the part of Gentile Christians, we can still afford to stress the difference between Jewish nay and Gentile yea, as the Fathers of the Church had a right to do.

But aside from this, the sermons offer many fresh and original perspectives. There are jewels among them. To return to my beginnings, they stimulate and delight.

JOHN M. OESTERREICHER.

• REVIEWERS •

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REV. JOHN M. OESTERREICHER is a research professor at Manhattanville College. He is now working on a book, *Walls Are Crumbling,* dealing with the philosophical and religious thought of seven modern Jewish philosophers.

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Promise . . . and Performance

Last Christmas The Commonweal told readers that a gift subscription would mean throughout 1950: "thoughtful articles by eminent writers and journalists . . . able coverage of the latest books . . . lively evaluation of the new plays and movies . . . constructive political comment week by week." That was promising a lot. Here is one indcation how The Commonweal performed.

January: Commonweal readers had articles by Ronald Knox and Compton Mackenzie, among others.

February: Francois Mauriac and Jean Danielou were featured. Donald MacDonald and Donald Attwater contributed controversial articles on the Catholic press.

March: Sean O'Faolain, Bruce Marshall, Dorothy Day and Thomas Merton were among those present.

April: The articles on Education by Milton Mayer and Willis D. Nutting stand out.

May: Gerald Vann's "The Sinner Who Looks Like a Saint" and Geoffrey Stone's "Myths, Neurotics and Heroes" answered some literary questions.

June: James Loeb, Jr., and John C. Cort discussed "Liberals and Catholics."

July: Two popular new writers made a first appearance: Gunnar D. Kumlien and Jerome Smiley.

August: Anton Pegis and Jacques Loew, author of *Mission to the Poorest,* supplied dynamic ideas.

September: Peter Viereck, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet; Henri de Lubac, eminent theologian; Waldemar Gurian, outstanding political thinker.

October: George H. Dunne and Jean C. de Menasce, among the most challenging of Commonweal contributors.

November: Evelyn Waugh wrote on: "The Case of Mr. Hemingway."

December: James Rorty and Emmet Lavery discussed Hollywood.

1951 is a new year, offering new challenges. The need for a magazine like The Commonweal will be greater than ever. With events moving fast and the need for clear thinking ever more pressing, there was never a time when Commonweal gift subscriptions were more appropriate. (See page 260 for special Christmas rates.)

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